



UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

AND HER R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

To know the cause why music was ordained
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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THE Members of the Philharmonic Society have chosen as their Directors for the year 1839, MESSRS. DANCE, ANDERSON, CRAMER, WILLMAN, POTTER, T. COOKE, and SIR GEORGE SMART. It is, therefore, evident that the system which has so long laid this Association open to the charge of back-stairs-influence, and *clique*-government, is to be continued; and that no hope of amendment can be entertained of a majority, resolved to call bad music good, and good music bad. The musicians in the Society—those who have written orchestral music, and are known to possess a practical acquaintance with the styles and scores of the composers, whose works alone form the attraction of a Philharmonic Programme—such members as MOSCHELES, POTTER, BISHOP, NEATE, DRAGONETTI, GOSS, CALKIN, and T. COOKE, are considered powerless, being either altogether excluded from the direction, or left in a hopeless minority, whenever they endeavour to render particular interests subservient to the general advancement of the art. The cultivators of the old English school are unrepresented, or mis-represented; the men of good taste, if not of superior skill in orchestral writing, are disregarded; and the nonentities virtually hold the reins of the Society, by voting in such Directors as will be sufficiently servile to obey the beck of their commander-in-chief.

The Directors for 1839 may be divided into two parties; MESSRS. DANCE, SMART, ANDERSON, CRAMER, and WILLMAN, who can always insure a preponderance of votes—MESSRS. POTTER and T. COOKE, who have only their talents and learning to recommend them. If it be intended to enact the farce of a "trial night," or, in other words, to set apart an evening, for the purpose of performing one or two good compositions, as a blind to some atrocious concoction patronized by the unlearned body, can it be expected that the opinions and experience of Mr. POTTER will weigh a feather in the balance against those of Mr. DANCE or SIR GEORGE SMART,—MR. ANDERSON or MR. F. CRAMER? Mr. WILLMAN may

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possibly yield to Mr. T. COOKE; and his vote may, if not gained for the weaker party, become a neutral one.

But on what plea can Mr. POTTER possibly advocate a just and proper line of conduct to these Directors? Would it not be said,—What do the members as a body care for music? Have they not excluded the master mind from the Directorship?—have they not shut out MOSCHELES, the best orchestral composer, the best septet writer, the best pianist, in the metropolis? We have (say the governing body) to vote for our party; and we must not sink private interests in Utopian schemes for the public good. This is but too true. A member is admitted to be better qualified to compose than to canvass; and, therefore, he is an unfit participant in the direction of the Philharmonic Society, unless he is kept in the beaten track by “two tame elephants.”

The failure by the leader of a party in the composition and production of the briefest specimen of musical learning, only confirms his title to his situation in the eyes of his adherents; inasmuch, as they have a guarantee, so to speak, under his hand and seal, that his talents for intrigue will never be distracted by the fervour of conception or the triumph of an author's success.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL MEMOIR OF A PROVINCIAL MAN OF GENIUS.

“JACKSON OF EXETER.”

(Continued from page 97.)

Dr. Burney, the historian of music, with great severity, yet not without some truth, once said of Jackson, in a review—“Mr. Jackson has never been remarkable for sailing with the tide of general opinion on any occasion. He would, perhaps, suppose the whole universe rather than himself to be in the wrong, in judging of any of the arts.” The critic ascribed this perverse ingenuity to “prejudice, envy, a provincial taste, or perhaps all together, which prevented his candid attention.”

Uneasy, and possibly unhappy, was this self-tormentor of genius—for often that singularity of opinion in which he delighted, encountered an opposition from spirits firm as his own. In his professional department a revolution had occurred in the musical world. The symphonies of the sublime Handel, and the oratorio choruses of the scientific Haydn, were enthusiastically admired, and Jackson feared that his own graceful melodies were soon to be forgotten. The glorious commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey afflicted the musician of Exeter Cathedral with an attack of spleen, from which he seems never to have recovered. At first, when that gigantic project was announced, he declared it to be impracticable, for that so stupendous a band, composed of many hundred instruments, could only end in a universal clash. When the miracle was performed, he consoled himself by lamenting the injudicious selection of the pieces. Lest Handel should obtain an exclusive triumph, which the partial taste of George III. seemed to sanction, our musician more judiciously suggested that there were other great masters of harmony whose works were entitled to equal honours. After this memorable incident in the annals of musical science, a more modern rival enraged our “enchanted harmonist,” in the German Haydn, who visited our metropolis in 1790. That celebrated composer was received with public enthusiasm; and a new genius of music excited at once astonishment and admiration. Even Dr. Burney, the ardent eulogist of Haydn, acknowledged that “he was not certain that our present musical doctors and graduates are quite up to Haydn yet.” Such is the history of art, whenever that crisis arrives of a man of genius striking out a new manner, by moving on principles of his art not yet recognised. The flights of Haydn into new regions of melody and harmony, the ear of the musician of

Exeter could no longer endure. In the silent rage of his heart he hastened to town, armed with his "Observations on the present state of Music in London," 1791. The amateurs and the artists themselves were to be instructed, that "their present musical pleasure was derived from polluted sources." And on his accustomed principle and in his usual style he declared, that "judging of the sensations of others by his own, the public is not pleased with what it applauds with rapture." In censuring the music without naming the composer this covert attack was made, as he said, "with restraint and the fear of giving offence," a result which surely he calculated on, and the gratification of sending forth his protest against the great musician of the day overbalanced any dread "of giving offence."

The musician of Exeter was struck by the vindictive Nemesis of insulted art, in the person of its historian. This skilful and vivacious critic dexterously separated the spleen and prejudice from the ingenuity and sound sense of the work he was unavoidably called on to condemn. If "Jackson of Exeter" was mortified at the sarcasm, he was not, however, degraded by the disingenuous malice of his critical judge. "Must we go to Exeter to ask Mr. Jackson how to please and be pleased? Are we to have no music in our concerts but elegies and ballads? Mr. Jackson's favourite style of music has been elegies, but what is an elegy to a tragedy or to an epic poem? He sees but one angle of the art of music, and to that all his opinions are referred. His elegy is no more than a closet in a palace." The familiar illustration might have been less detractive—but in music there are parties as fierce as in politics.

Such was the fate of "Jackson of Exeter," even in the delightful art of which he was an eminent professor. The same strength of character discovered itself in the sound sense and the ingenuity of these memorable "Observations on the present State of Music;" but his native force had only accelerated its deviations, and only rendered his opinions unchangeable in opposing the public feeling.

The basis of the character of "Jackson of Exeter" was sound sense; but it was adorned by no superstructure of imagination. He could not advance out of the restricted circle of his acquirements which to us, of this day, seem very limited. Whatever was ideal in art, whatever was to be felt in its creation, and not discussed by its analysis, was not trangible to his grasp. For prose he had no ear; his style is familiar and curt, and therefore meagre, his expression being always beneath his conception. To such a mind Gothic architecture could only exhibit "an incongruous mass of absurdities—it is a false style only shewing the want of skill in the builders in mixing forms which cannot accord." So he decided of the sublime in his own professional art, and the science and powers of Haydn, Mozart, and even Handel, were "an imposition of the feelings drawn from illegitimate sources." Our musician affected to smile on "musical expression," which he considered the fanciful Germans committed strange absurdities in attempting. He denied that music had any command over the passions. "What passion cannot music raise or quell?" exclaims the poet. "I ask," in my turn, "what passion can music raise or quell?" replies our musician. "Poets or musicians," he proceeds, "can only produce different degrees of pure *pleasure*, and when they have produced this last effect, they have attained the utmost in the power of poetry of music." Such were the sentiments of a musician of no ordinary genius, but not of great sensibility and high imagination. His style in music resembled his writing and his painting—he loved their simplicity, and he was satisfied with its plainness. His favourite author was Voltaire; a pocket volume was usually carried about him: often in the organ loft have the choir waited a minute or two longer than they ought, to strike the chaunt, while the organist was charming his wearisome loneliness in a vivacious page. Jackson said of this author, "that Voltaire must not be thought deficient in truth because he abounds in vivacity." This was a co-echo of Robertson the historian's opinion, at a time when Voltaire's volumes were excommunicated. The affectation of elegance in Gibbon, to the simplicity of his own taste, "prevented him from seeing his learning, impartiality, and other great qualities." The pomp and vigour of Johnson was his abhorrence. He had no taste for ethical dissertations, for he maintained, that for practicable purposes a few plain maxims are sufficient. On the appearance of a new edition of Johnson's works, he ventured to predict that it would be the last! What has Johnson taught us new in art or science? The historian of the human mind escaped his detection. The opinions of Jackson were immutable, for they

were few, and they were his own. I have never discovered a man of genius who, like "Jackson of Exeter," so closely approached excellence, without being excellent. Here was a man of an original force of character occupying a wrong place, or, to use the appropriate expression of our neighbours, fixed "in a false position." Had the intellect of "Jackson of Exeter" acted in a more comprehensive sphere, had he cultivated his finer faculties among his rivals, the original cast of his mind had struck out something less fugitive than the hints afforded by his "Thirty Letters," and the mediocrity of most part of the volume, entitled "The Four Ages," his opinions had lost something of their obdurate tenacity, and had mellowed into our sympathies. But we are so gratified by sound sense, that it still pleases though it fails in greatness of design.

I have sketched this psychological character as the portrait of a provincial man of genius. It is a proof that great natural endowments cannot overcome the inseparable difficulties of circumstance and situation. The caustic musician Abel said of the genius of Bach, that it had been more expanded and endowed with greater variety had it not been confined to the Hanse town of Hamburg. Albert Durer, Vasari remarked, would probably have become one of the first painters of the age, had he been initiated into the great principles of his art, so well understood by his Italian contemporaries; unluckily he considered his own manner as perfect. Such are the authors and the artists who are apt to imagine that they have finished their journey, when, in fact, they have only proceeded as far as they were able; and have often reached to that unhappy originality which has ceased to be original.—*Atticus*.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

MADAME DAMOREAU, née CINTI MONTALAN.

THIS admirable singer received her musical education in the conservatoire of Paris. Acquainted as we are with the finish of her style, and with the remarkable neatness of her execution, it is difficult to believe, that, on her first examination at the above academy, she was rejected by the singing class, and placed in that of the pianoforte. Such however is the fact, and to this blunder may be attributed the superiority in musical knowledge which Cinti possesses over the great majority of her profession.

The *début* of this lady at the Théâtre Feydeau, though coldly received, did not discourage her perseverance, and on her being subsequently called to the difficult task of replacing Madame Fodor at the Italian Opera, she so greatly distinguished herself as to take rank immediately as the first French singer. About this time she visited England, and was, if we recollect rightly, the Rosina of the *Barbiere*, then performed for the first time in London. Her great career, however, has been at the Académie Royale, during the remarkable success of that theatre; a success, of which some idea may be formed from the fact, that the late manager, Veron, realized a million of francs in five years. Here Madame Cinti had the good fortune to be the prima donna to whose care were intrusted Guillaume Tell, La Muette di Portici, and Robert le Diable, perhaps the master-pieces of their respective composers. Well worthy did she prove herself of the trust. Sung by Cinti and Nourrit, seconded by one of the finest orchestras of Europe, a chorus of perfect precision, decorations of equal splendour and good taste, and last though not least, Taglioni for the incidental dancing, these operas were the finest representations of the kind ever offered to the public.

The manager and the lady, no doubt, equally regret her departure, about two years ago, from the Académie Royale. Since this time she has been singing at the Opera Comique, a theatre the small size of which is advantageous to her voice, but where she is deprived of those great operas to which she mainly owes her reputation. Here, however, the singing of this artiste has raised to an unmerited popularity the *Ambassadrice*, the *Domino Noir*, and several other operas of but small pretensions to excellence.

The voice of Madame Cinti is of considerable compass, and of a pleasing though not a full tone; it is, however, very deficient in power for a large theatre. Her taste and style leave nothing to be desired, and her execution is unequalled by any soprano of the present day. When disposed to be critical we should say, that her words are not pronounced with sufficient clearness, and that her recitative is fre-

quently ineffective. It is frequently objected to Cinti that she is a cold singer. This objection requires to be much qualified. A singer of limited power must, to a certain degree, appear cold in a large theatre; must be deficient in what the Italians call "*slancia*." Nearly the whole of the voice is required for the level singing, and little, if any, remains behind to impart the requisite force to passages of great passion. By those who hear Madame Cinti in a small theatre, or in a concert room, the flexibility of her organ is not more admired, than her well-judged and quiet feeling.

It remains only to be said, that this lady is an intelligent and agreeable actress, although she does not make it a practice, in a finale, to take the combs out of her hair, fall on her knees, and grasp some limb of the hero of the opera, as if with a view of its perfect dismemberment.

REVIEW.

Grand Concerto in D (Op. 4,) for the Pianoforte, composed, and inscribed to Mrs. Anderson, by F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy.—NOVELLO.

THE second concerto of Mendelssohn is a work of singular interest. In the first, that in G minor, we trace the singular forms of the great composers working on an imagination vividly susceptible of the beautiful and the impassioned—Weber, in the movement across the instrument by means of the diminished harmonies; Bach, in the sequence of diatonic harmonies, and the fantastic forms of the *tremulando* passages; Mozart, in the caressing tenderness of the *cantabile*; Beethoven, in the character and conduct of the *adagio*, but rendered quite modern by the favourite phraseology of Chopin. But amidst all this, there is an individuality of character perfectly Mendelssohnian; and although there is a want of a close and logical deduction from the primal thought, and too frequent introduction of one figure in the passages of execution, nothing can be deemed to be either out of *keeping*, or inconsequential. In comparing this work with the concerto in D, our readers will have an opportunity of tracing the great progress its composer has made in the method of composition—the changes he has made in his mode of thought—the reliance on one broad and simple outline—the unvaried employment of but few materials—the singular clearness, almost nakedness, of his harmonies—the logical manner in which he confines himself to his *motif*, amidst the dashing and brilliant *tours de force*.

The symphony opens with a few simple notes for the orchestra, which the solo interrupts by indicating the commencing notes of the leading melody, and the forms of the subject which is worked up in the second part of this movement; this kind of conversation between the orchestra and piano is carried on for some little time, when the orchestra in good earnest announces the *motif*, which is one of extreme simplicity, but delightfully fresh, so much so, as to completely haunt the memory with a remembrance of its beauty. This is resumed without amplification by the piano, and succeeded by passages *con fuoco*, which have nothing novel, but may be said to be wholly "after the manner" of Weber—when (at page 6) by means of the chords of the seventh and six-five the *cantabile* steals on the ear, with a clear and unembarrassed accompaniment, which is quite a contrast to the doubling of the harmonies in the former concerto, demonstrating the composer has learned, by experience, that when the idea is once perfected, it cannot be too broadly put, and too little encumbered with unessential repetitions in the accompaniment. Pages 7 and 8 occupy the *cantabile*, with a striking passage in the superstructure, showing that with the display of a great power and command over mechanical difficulties, the composer had fairly drawn them forth from his subject—that they had grown out naturally from the theme, and were not reminiscences or inverted passages from some former study or concerto. These lead to a cadence in the relative major, which, however, does not really take place, but is averted most unexpectedly and by an enharmonic modulation (one of the best points in the movement) introduces again the leading *motif*. The second subject is here worked *à la* Mozart, terse and energetic, but, unlike Mozart, is at its close inwoven with the few simple notes which opened the concerto, when every thing proceeds in strict analogy with the former passage.

The *adagio* is introduced by a short point for the wind band on the E flat, at page 17; this favourite mode of leading from one movement to the other may be seen by a reference to the concerto in G minor, but it is more elegantly defined in the present movement. The *aria* is a voluptuous melody, teeming with the thoughts of days gone by; the modulation into the supertonic, the use of the seventh and fourth, the six-four-three on the subdominant (E flat,) and the graceful rise and fall of the fourth in the cantilena, at the close, evinces a high courage in the use of simple thoughts, with a knowledge that they may be turned to new and beautiful combinations. It is simplicity and tenderness united, and treated with all the intense passion of Mozart, if we except the single phrase in stave five at page 19, which is thoroughly Bach, so much so, that we might fancy the whole stave to have been cut out of some sonata of Wesley.

The *finale* is exceedingly playful, a lovely scherzando built on the seventh, quite in the manner of Weber, leading to a graceful waltz, which is accompanied in the inner parts with some startling arpeggios divided for the hands, in the manner of Bach or Scarlatti. The outline is preserved with unusual rigour, and it is one thing from beginning to end. The octave passages for the left hand, require a crisp and wiry touch, and an elasticity of wrist, which will try the most practised pianist. At page 31, staves two and three, are two fine positions of the chord of the six-four-two, and at the top of page 32 a charming use of the six-five on the G. The *coda* is well worked, and the chords of the six-four-two, and six-four, on A and B, (page 36, stave 3,) are as unexpected as they are broad and massive. The movement ends on a fine pedale, which is forgotten in a coruscation of semiquavers, varied by the most pure and exquisite harmony.

The remarkable features of this concerto are the perfect unity of each movement, the simplicity of its materials, the terseness of the expression, the clearness of the parts, the condensation of the thoughts, its broad and striking outline, and its perfect and symmetrical arrangement. Compared with the detail of a Moscheles, or even of a Hummel, the writer of this great composition may be considered as a scene painter, one who deals in few but massive touches; that this is the result of experience and a study of the best models of antiquity no one can doubt, and we look upon Mendelssohn's Concerto in D as a composition, which will have a great influence on the minds of the composers of the present generation. They will begin to think more upon one thing, and instead of lugging twenty ideas into a concerto, will hereafter be content to draw out half a dozen from one, which will form the subject matter of the whole.

METROPOLITAN CONCERTS.

MR. KOLLMAN'S CONCERT.—On Thursday, this gentleman gave a second concert, for the purpose of exhibiting his recently invented piano. He performed a quintet, assisted by Messrs. Blagrove, Sedlatzek, Fleischer, and Hauseman; the sonata in F, for pianoforte and violin (with Blagrove); the concerto in C major, the compositions of Beethoven; and a duet for violin and piano, by Mayseider. These were played in a musician-like style, and well calculated to display the qualities of the instrument. The tone is powerful, and reached to every part of the room; and, from the freedom of the touch, appeared to be capable of great variation.

Mr. Kollman had engaged the services of Mrs. Bishop, Miss Birch, Miss F. Woodham, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Balfe, and Mr. Parry, jun. Miss Birch sang the "Non mi dir," from the *Don Juan* in a very charming manner; and Mrs. Bishop was encored with Mr. Balfe, in the duet "Cruel perche," from the *Figaro*. The room was filled with a fashionable company.

ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERTS.—The last concert of the pupils of the Royal Academy was given at the Hanover Square Rooms on Saturday morning. We insert the programme. *Part I.*—Sinfonia, in C, (letter R.), Haydn. Motet, "Qui diligit," soli parts, Miss Pennington, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Stretton, Steffani. Song, "I've wander'd oft," Mr. Harrison, Crivelli. Concerto in E flat, pianoforte, R. Barnett, Weber. Aria, "O cara memoria," Miss Foxall, Carafa. Air, with variations, (MS.), violoncello, H. Goodban, H. Goodban. Anthem, "Plead thou my cause," soli parts, Mrs. H. R. Bishop, Mrs. A. Shaw, Miss Dolby, Mr.

Harrison, and Mr. Stretton Lord Burghersh. *Part II.—Overture, (MS.) J. Cooke. Madrigal, "What saith my dainty darling," Morley. Concerto in E flat, pianoforte, Miss Jonas, K.S. Moscheles. Aria, "Se m'abbandoni," Miss Edwards, Mercadante. Introduction and Polacca, Cornet à Pistons, T. Harper, jun., T. Harper, jun. Gloria Mass in C, soli parts, Miss Penington and Mr. Stretton. Mr. F. Cramer led. Mr. C. Lucas conducted. The classical compositions were nicely performed. Mr. Barnett did justice to Weber's concerto, and Miss Jonas, who played Moscheles' concerto under the superintendence of the composer, displays evidences of a genius which, if united with judicious culture, may enable this young lady to occupy one of the first stations in the profession. Mr. Harper and Mr. Goodban played well, but the music they performed was intolerable, and reflected no credit either on themselves or their masters. Miss Foxall and Miss Edwards were interesting and clever; Mr. Cooke and Mr. Harrison neither the one nor the other.*

The anthem, composed by Lord Burghersh, was set to the following words:

"Plead thou my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me; and fight thou against them that fight against me.

"Lay hold upon the shield and buckler, and stand up to help me.

"Bring forth the spear and stop the way against them that persecute me; say unto my soul, I am thy salvation."

The noble amateur is much more accustomed to composition than it seems are our chapel composers to her Majesty; and if some certain irregularities in the rhythm, and absurd points in the instrumentation, were amended, the anthem is really a very nice and respectable composition. We have a conscience, and therefore cannot say that the fugue is "beautifully worked up," or that it is a work of "the highest order;" nor would the noble composer thank us for such "satire in disguise." Even he must acknowledge, that the tone of anguish and affliction which marks the words, is but ill portrayed by the bleating of trombones and trumpets, the rolling of drums, and we know not what. These things should be rectified.

Mr. Lucas receives our thanks for the *excerpta* from Beethoven's Mass, and the whole of the motet by Steffani; of which the words should have been altered by the chaplain to the Institution. No choir of Protestants (and young Protestants) should be allowed to stand up in a public room and sing such abominations as these lines disclose.

Qui diligit Mariam diligit vitam.

Tempus est de somno surgere;
O mortalis, quid cunctaris?
Cur in tenebris moraris?
Mentem eleva sopitam.

Qui diligit Mariam diligit vitam.

Non pavescat lethales horrores
Qui Mariam honorat et amat;
Audit pia, si vocat, si clamat;
In solamen convertit dolores.

Hec mater purae delectationis,
Hec fons totius consolationis:
Est mundi sola Maria
Clara lux, et coeli via:

Hec potest flagella
Dirimere belli,
Perdere vindictas,
Rumpere sagittas,
Frangere telum.
Qui diligit Mariam, possidet cælum.

M. ROSENHAIN'S CONCERT.—This celebrated pianist gave a concert on Monday morning, at the Hanover Square Rooms, in conjunction with Mdle. Caremoli. The vocalists were Misses Placci, Woodham, Steele, and Dolby, Mrs. Shaw; Signori Ivanoff, Brizzi, Lablache, Kroff, Catone, De Begnis, Giubilei, Balfe, and Curioni. The instrumentalists Moscheles, Benedict, Herz, Lidel, Laureati, Eliason, Mori, and Puzzi.

M. Rosenhain is a highly accomplished performer on the instrument, and in some *excerpta* (from a book of studies,) entitled a "Fisher's Serenade," a "Scherzo," a "Dialogue," and "La Danse des Sylphes," delighted his audience both by the unusual elegance of the movements, and the exquisite style in which they were given. M. Rosenhain in a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, had been known to us as a bold and vigorous writer in the school of Chopin, with here

and there a sprinkling of the Beethoven positions, but in these studies there is a fairy, sylph-like grace, which at once places him in a very distinguished position amongst the great players of the day.

Mdlle. Caremoli has a good voice, but requires to be told what to do with it. She may become a fine singer.

THE MELODIST CLUB.—The members of this club spent a pleasant evening on Thursday last, in awarding certain cups and prizes to the successful candidates, for the best ballad and duet. Mr. Hawes received a sum of money, and a cup for a ballad and duet claimed by him, is his own composition; and a cup was reserved for Mr. Hobbs, as the victor, for the best ballad.

THEATRICAL SUMMARY.

THE two larger houses are now closed, and the result of their respective success has been in favour of fair and honourable management. At the commencement of the season, the Covent Garden manager stated the course he intended to pursue, and he has acted up to his professions. Even so did the autocrat of Drury Lane issue his manifesto, and it is only justice to add, that he has abided by it. Both have proved men of their words, but then their words were very different. Mr. Macready expressed his anxiety to raise his profession from the degraded state into which it had fallen; to render it, what it is when properly pursued, a liberal and humanizing art; and, rejecting the usual tricks of management, the newspaper paragraph and lying announcements in the bills, he declared his resolution to stand or fall on the ground of his own deserts. Mr. Bunn very frankly owned, that if the public be a gullible animal, it would not be his fault if he did not gull it. The fruits of the one system of management have been the revival of Shakspeare's grandest dramas, in a style that beggars all hitherto attempted, and receipts which have at least been commensurate with the expenses; the gifts of the other have been Mr. Charles Kean and a heavy additional debt.

Since our last theatrical notice, a farce called *The Irish Lion*, has been produced at the Haymarket; the best merits of which are perhaps due to the acting of Mr. Power and Mrs. Fitzwilliam. Whether, however, the cause be in actor or author, it makes the spectator laugh heartily, and this, in our opinion, is much, for we are disciples of Democritus. But the said farce has occasioned a hubbub in the columns of the *Morning Post*. Ignotus writes to complain that *The Irish Lion* is a translation from *Le Tailleur de J. J. Rousseau*, and Mr. Buckstone advances in reply his claims to originality. Replication follows, and then rejoinder—and the affair drops. Whoever is curious to know "the rights of the matter," as the phrase runs, may satisfy himself by purchasing the French piece. We are content to remain in ignorance.

Vestris and Charles Matthews have been taking their farewell of a London audience at this theatre, and their places are to be supplied next week by Macready and Miss Taylor. The former will open, we understand, in the character of *Kitely*, in Ben Jonson's play of *Every Man in his Humour*. This was a favourite part of Garrick's, and, within our own recollection, has been admirably sustained by Wroughton. Though certainly not *un grand rôle*, it nevertheless requires, and will repay the finished artist; and we therefore look to its personation by Mr. Macready with no little interest.

The English Opera House has opened, and its first great effort has been the production of a German opera. A sad blunder this to be committed in a quarter, from which usually issue the loudest complaints of want of encouragement for native talent. The sadder too, since the said opera, hight *Rob of the Fen*, is a miserable affair both musically and dramatically. But, fortunately, the management of a theatre is not so fragile as woman's reputation, and our friends here may recover their first false step. As a help to which happy consummation, we shall deliver ourselves of sundry opinions touching English singers next week, which may minister to their health. They are hardly likely to be palatable, neither is medicine; still we deem them necessary, and they may be taken either as bolus, pill, or draught. Yet do we fear that nothing short of the lancet will effect permanent good. Peake, however, has produced one of his pleasant farces here, *The Gemini*, and a Mr. William Shakspeare is to enlighten us to-night! Is there no act of parliament to render the assumption of such a name—*crimen læsæ majestatis*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

OUR summary of "things operatical" suggests few remarks this week. On Thursday Taglioni had a crowded attendance for her farewell benefit. She has now winged her flight to the French capital, where the Terpsichoreans await her with impatience, having been inconsolable for her absence. There was enough variety in the fair *bénéficiaire's* bill. The *Nozze di Figaro*, one act of the *Lucia*, the ballet of the *Bayadère*, besides the dancing of the cachuca by Fanny Elsler, formed a series of attractions to satisfy the most inordinate appetite.

On Friday there was an "extra night (not included in the subscription)," when the *Don Giovanni* was performed with its powerful cast in fine style.

On Saturday the *Nozze di Figaro* was repeated, with Fanny Elsler in the *divertissement*.

On Tuesday night, by special command of her most gracious Majesty, who honoured the theatre with her presence, accompanied by a distinguished party, the opera of *Malek Adel* was performed for the first time this season. This was a very proper compliment to its clever composer, M. Costa, the indefatigable conductor of the orchestra, the members of which took especial pains with their playing, as a mark of respect to a professor, who, whilst he has advanced their instrumental skill, has always stood boldly forward to advocate their rights. *Malek Adel* is a work of unequal merit, but it contains some effective writing, which proves that Costa is in the possession of powers which may be further developed in some future composition. The pervading fault is, that the whole has too much of the same colouring, which renders it somewhat monotonous at times. Still there are some fine bursts, and however M. Costa's school may be condemned, there are situations of a highly exciting kind, which carry away the feelings and inspire a conviction that no common mind has been exercised to produce the enthusiasm. The opera, since its last representation, has been judiciously curtailed, and we presume the instrumentalism is new, as the score was destroyed at the late fire at the Italian Opera House in Paris. The accompaniments are too often of a stunning description, yet there are redeeming points, evincing sound judgment and a thorough appreciation of orchestral resources. Costa composed the music for certain vocalists, and he has measured their capabilities with remarkable tact. The overture opens with a martial theme, leading into a graceful melody, most gracefully assigned to and played by Lindley; then the subject is heard in the wood band, with the stringed instruments pizzicato, which is succeeded by a march gliding into the opening chorus, well instrumented. Lablache then has a powerful scena, "*Già squilla la tromba*," in which his sonorous bass drowns chorus, band,—brass instruments included. His costume as the devotee is highly picturesque—he looks as if he had walked out of a picture frame of a prophet of old. Albertazzi then sings and walks calmly and coolly through a scena as the love-sick knight *Josselin*. Then came Rubini to enrapture the audience, so as to be compelled to sing twice the adagio of the scena "*So vo in campo trionfado*," so triumphantly executed that the Queen was pleased also to command the encore. The next duet between Grisi and Rubini was vehemently applauded, especially the *cabaletta* "*Oh! santa parola*." Tamburini and Tati then came in for the honours in the duet "*Fratelli negli affanne*." The sextet beginning "*Odi una misera*," was deliciously given by Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, Tati, Grisi, and Albertazzi; and the finale of the first act terminated amidst shouts of "*Bravo maestro*" for Costa.

The second act is the great attraction. It is conceived in a dramatic spirit, and Costa has soared, in portions, immeasurably beyond the usual imaginings of the modern Italian writers. The chorus of conspirators, with Tamburini's invocation of vengeance, is very spirited, and this accomplished artist never was more efficient than in the subsequent duet with Albertazzi. It was both vocally and histrionically grand, and contrasted strangely with the *nonchalance* of the lady-knight. The ensuing scena by Grisi, her duet with Rubini, and the trio finale, including Lablache, excited the *furor* of the amateurs to the highest pitch. The group formed by these three singers, when *Matilda* rushes in between *William of Tyre* and *Malek Adel*, was a superb *tableau*, and elicited warm plaudits. Indeed this trio is of surpassing beauty, and the harmonized passages are delightfully sus-

tained by the orchestral accompaniments. There was again loud cheering for Costa at the end of this act.

The last act brings out Costa in the ecclesiastical school of writing, and he comes creditably through the ordeal. The church chant goes through nearly the entire act, and is skilfully interwoven with the more profane phrases. Grisi surpassed all her former efforts in the scena before *Matilda* takes the veil. Her horror of the supposed "Ombra" was a great vocal display, and the cadence *diminuendo*, as she sunk senseless in the arms of the aged priest, affected every hearer, and she was complimented more by tears than by cheers. In the air "Se ascolto," her execution was wonderful; nothing could be more exquisite than the rapid and difficult divisions which she conquered. She was rapturously encored, in despite of the dreadful fatigue of the task. The next vocal display was ingenious. Whilst a chorale is heard far behind the scenes, Rubini sings a descriptive recitative of *Malek Adel's* emotions at losing *Matilda*, and of his conversion to Christianity. It is uncommonly well done; but what can we say of the finale of this illustrious tenor. It seems madness to attempt a description of his marvellous doings. Was it the remembrance of his approaching departure from us and the stage that inspired him? The sounds were not mortal. The "tiranno cadrà,"—the "tremante,"—the "furente,"—from whence could such stupendous and thrilling notes proceed? The gigantic power of his tremulous tenor vibrating through the house—the stupendous energy which moved him—the combination, in fact, of every thing that is great and terrible in that unearthly tone—from what did all this originate? Rubini must have taken leave at the moment of all "things terrestrial," and entirely have given himself up to the "illusion dramatic." We cannot trust ourselves to write of the effect he created. There was a shriek of excitement, and long after the curtain was again drawn up, and he had been compelled to repeat the appalling notes, the buzz of admiration was heard, from the numerous dilettanti who had listened to this matchless exhibition of vocalization.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NEW ANTHEM.

"The general design shows great judgment; the melody is exceedingly graceful, the harmony rich, and the instrumentation has all the grandeur and effect of the German school."—*Examiner*.

"A word, however, is claimed by Mr. W. Knyvett's new anthem, first produced on Thursday. It is curiously slight and sprightly as coming from the conductor of the Ancient Concerts; on the whole, cleverly put together—a work which may content many; but to ourselves, who listen with an anxious interest for good English music, that is—unborrowed from foreign sources—it was disappointing."—*Athenæum*.

"Mr. Knyvett's anthem assuredly does not improve upon a second hearing. The strength of the instrumentation conceals, at first, a host of weaknesses and imperfections, which, upon attentive listening, become abundantly manifest. The first movement bears no evidence of consideration in its construction; it is a loose assemblage of thoughts, such as they are, and not remarkable for neatness in their aggregation. Deprived of the brilliant figures of the orchestra, the vocal score is little more than a mere succession of chords of much innocence and simplicity: and the tiresome monotony of the rhythm is only once broken by a string of roundabout imitations on the word "rejoice," the commencement of which bears an unfortunate resemblance to the second subject in the *allegro* of Beethoven's "Hallelujah," in the *Mount of Olives*. The second movement, (a quartet and chorus) would be pretty, but for the tinge of vulgarity which defaces the very first phrase of its subject; and a chorus, in 3-4 time, decidedly the most commonplace and least musician-like of the whole, brings the anthem to a lame conclusion. On the whole, if considered as the production of a beginner in this style of writing, it may perhaps yield Mr. Knyvett some credit; but, should we judge of it as the work of one whose musical reputation has been sufficient to procure for him the office of composer to her Majesty, we must pronounce it wholly unworthy the event it was designed to celebrate. Comparison is at all times an ungracious

mode of criticism, but it is nevertheless a species of justice to Mr. Knyvett to affirm, that a much cleverer man would have discovered that the immediate successor of Mr. Attwood had something more to perform than the task of a schoolboy."—*Atlas*.

Not a word has been vouchsafed on the *new sanctus* by Sir George Smart: it seems to have been universally considered altogether beneath criticism.

THE MUSIC CHAIR AT EDINBURGH.—A Professor of Music is about to be appointed at the University of Edinburgh. About thirty years ago, General Reid bequeathed a sum of money to the University of Edinburgh, on the condition that a professor of music should be created, with a salary of not less than 300*l.* per annum, and suitable allowances. Hitherto the money has not been at the disposal of the University, in consequence of a life-interest having been reserved; but the lady in whose favour this interest was granted, died a short time ago, and the property will now become available for the purposes to which it was ultimately destined. The appointment lies with the body of Professors, and, by the provisions of the will, they are required to make the appointment within six months after taking possession of the property. A better opportunity could not be desired for exciting and diffusing a taste for chaste music in this country; and we earnestly hope that the opportunity will not be lost; and that the Edinburgh Professors, rising above all feelings of party and patronage, will honestly fulfil the intentions of the munificent donor, and seek out the best qualified person, wherever he may be found. The man who has the soul of a musician, and the power of infecting others with his zeal, and enriching them with his knowledge, does not need the stimulus of a high salary: but the remuneration will not be low; for, besides the regular stipend, (which cannot be fixed at less than 300*l.* a-year,) there will be the students' fees—which, if the lectures have any life and attraction in them, will probably yield at least 600*l.* or 700*l.* a-year more. Of the humanizing power of music we have often had occasion to speak. We know nothing that could be applied with greater effect in raising the people above the groveling tastes in which too many of them now sink; and if the present and other similar opportunities be turned to the best account, we shall hope yet to see the time when, as in Germany, the peasantry of this country will assemble in the evening to join in the sweet harmony of song, instead of betaking themselves to the beer and whisky shops. Mr. John Thomson, (the composer of 'Hermann'), Mr. Graham, and Mr. George Hogarth, have been named as candidates for the professorship.

MR. WILSON.—On Friday night, Mr. Wilson delivered his second lecture on Scottish Song, at the Mechanic's Institution. Every part of the room was crowded to such a degree, that numbers had to go away without even the gratification of seeing the lecturer. Among other songs, Mr. Wilson sung "Auld Robin Gray" in a manner which well entitled him to the applause it produced. He concluded the lecture by singing the well known songs of "My boy Tammie," and Burns's much-admired "For a' that and a' that." The applause following the last verse—

"For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

continued for several minutes, and was repeated upon Mr. Wilson's retiring.

LORD BURGHES'S opera of "Il Torneo" will be performed at the St. James's Theatre, with new scenery, dresses, &c.; the profits arising from which will be given to the principal singers, the professors, associates, and pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, who assisted at the rehearsal which took place at the Hanover Square Rooms some short time back.

THE CHEVALIER SPONTINI is here at last: too late to give us an opportunity, this season, of hearing any of his compositions—not too late, however, if the rumour be true, which connects his visit with the possible establishment of a German Opera.

OPERA BUFFA.—The following are, we understand, the engagements for the ensuing Opera Buffa season, which commences in November—Madame Tacani, Mdles. Gabussi, Assandri, Wyndham; Signors Rovere, F. Lablache, and Catone.

MISS ROMER and **MR. TEMPLETON** have commenced a tour in the provinces.

MUSICAL DEGREES.—Mr. Stephen Elvey, the organist of New College, Oxford, has taken the degree of Doctor in Music. His brother, the organist of the chapel at Windsor, and organist to her Majesty, has graduated as Bachelor. Both are of Oxford University.

SIGNOR LAUREATI'S CONCERT.—This Italian violoncellist, who finds on our shores a refuge from the inhospitable treatment of his countrymen, gave a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday morning. The room was thinly attended, a circumstance which may be accounted for from the fact, that this nobleman had raised the admission tickets to a guinea. Laureati plays with some taste, and considerable execution, of which the pleasant effects are counterbalanced by extravagant gesture and unwarranted pretension. He was assisted by Schieron, Ostergaard, Caremoli, Ivanoff, Catone, F. Lablache, Zamboni, Balfé, Emiliani, &c.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The report detailing the proceedings of this Institution has been published by the Committee of Management, of which the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh is the Chairman, and the following noblemen and gentlemen members:—The Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of Fife, Lord Saltoun, the Right Hon. Sir G. Warrender, Bart.; the Right Hon. Sir G. Ouseley, Bart.; Sir George Clerk, Bart.; Sir W. Curtis, Bart.; Lieut.-General Sir H. Taylor, G.C.B.; Major-Gen. Sir A. F. Barnard, K.C.B.; Sir J. Campbell, Q.C., T.S.; the Hon. F. G. Howard, the Hon. A. Macdonald. The publication contains "a list of pupils received into the Academy since its foundation in 1822-3, together with the subscribers to the Institution, and subscriptions to the close of 1837; with a general account of the state of the funds up to midsummer, 1838; to which is added the regulations of the establishment.

"Of the three hundred and ninety-four pupils whose names are herein recorded, thirty-four have been, and eight are at present, educated gratuitously, and one hundred and nine have been educated on terms so much below the regulated payments as to leave nearly the whole charge of their education to be borne by the institution; and the rest (who have made the full payments required by the regulations of the Academy) are calculated upon an average as defraying little more than one-half of the expenses incurred by them; while the more advanced pupils, requiring the first class of masters, pay nothing even approaching to this proportion; and it is to the carrying out of these objects, to the supplying the deficiency of means where talent is evinced, that the subscriptions and resources of the institution are applied.

"The general good conduct and respectability of the students who have been brought up in this institution, and the honourable position in which the greater part of them have been enabled to place themselves, the skill and science by which they are distinguished in their profession, are the best reward of all the labour and anxiety with which its establishment upon the firm footing on which it is now placed, has hitherto been attended."

The statistical tables are well arranged, and interesting. They show the date, entry, departure, names, branch of study, &c., of pupils who have been or are members of the Academy, with remarks as to the position they now hold in the musical world. The report is an answer to the attacks which have been made on the Academy. The list of vocalists and instrumentalists, especially the latter, which is included in these returns, demonstrates the utility and advantage of the institution. The report ought to be in the hands of every person who takes an interest in the advancement of the art, and a perusal of it will induce those individuals who have not yet come forward to support the Institution, at once to enrol themselves in the list of royalty and rank which grace the records of the Academy. In a financial point of view the affairs of the Academy are also flourishing. Up to Christmas, 1837, the total amount of subscriptions and donations was 22,235*l.* 19*s.*, the profits of the Royal Festival 2,250*l.*, and the profits of public concerts and balls the large sum of 4,756*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.* The last fancy ball at the Hanover-square Rooms netted 1,261*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, and the total receipts up to Midsummer, 1838, reach the sum of 34,154*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.* It seems that the Academy has now 6000*l.* in the funds, independently of a balance at the bankers, lease of houses, furniture, books, instruments, &c. The Royal Academy is fixed upon a solid basis, and we look forward with confidence to its increasing reputation.

ABBEY FESTIVAL.—The profits of this performance are said to net 5000*l*.

THE CORONATION MUSIC.—The only music which the English understand is that of fireworks and locomotive engines. Since the invasion of the Saxons they sing but little, and laugh less: indeed were it not for the artists who come over each season, from Germany and Italy, London would be the most dull and ennuant city in the world. The music of the Coronation may be summed up in the braying of "God save the Queen," a concert at the palace, and the appearance of M. Duponchel! Of course you know the famed national air which the English people roar out with a false intonation, resembling a serenade of muffled drums. Strauss and his itinerant band was the novelty at the court concert, but he gained no *écât*, as the performances consisted of English compositions by persons who never could compose! Duponchel has occupied the sole attention of the fashionable world: he appeared at the Coronation, mounted on a cream-coloured horse, wearing a Chinese helmet, and round his body was inscribed in large characters, DUPONCHEL. Then followed a troop of choristers, having crape round their arms, who sang a chorus (which I shall never forget) to these words, "*Guido and Ginevra are dead, dead, dead!*" Neither he or his troop have been since heard of.

Bochsa, Cinti, and Doehler have commenced a tour in the provinces, in the hopes of being able to civilize in some degree the people in this country, who in musical matters may be said to have remained in their primitive state of barbarism.—[By a Correspondent from England to a French Paper.]

ADOLPHE ADAM has written a new opera for the opera Comique, which will be produced on Madame Cinti's return to Paris.

AUBER has also in rehearsal a new grand opera, entitled, "*La Sœur des Fées*."

A TREATISE on harmony, by Mons. V. Dourlen is announced. It contains the course of instruction used in the Conservatoire at Paris, and is approved of by the Academy of Arts and the Institute Royal of France.

At the "Salle Musard," two young artists have obtained great reputation. F. Mayer scarcely 12 years old, plays the violin as though he had been long accustomed to the applause of an audience, and possesses all the qualities of a first-rate violinist. The other, Mons. Ravina, who played a grand concerto of Herz, gained no less applause than M. Mayer. He is a pupil of Zimmerman, and does honour to the French school. His playing is sure, fine, and delicate, and the piano has no difficulty for him.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF PIANISTS.—London will be visited next season by most of the greatest pianoforte players in Europe, namely, Thalberg, Doehler, Clara Wieck, Henselt, and Liszt. The latter is now at Vienna, carrying all before him; at his fourth concert the whole of the pit of the theatre was converted into stalls, at advanced prices; and at his fifth concert no price was fixed, but they were let to the highest bidders! Liszt, who was in this country some sixteen years ago as a youth, has lately published two volumes of poetry, of which the German critics speak very highly.

THALBERG returns to London in May next.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE CORONATION CHORUS.—Several correspondents have enquired why the Chapel Royal men were turned out of their places in the Orchestra? Why some ladies were necessitated to undergo a trial previous to rehearsal, and not others? Why amateurs were engaged? and several other (we presume equally) important questions. The Chapel Royal singers took their situation in the orchestra by direction of the Dean of the chapel; the lady singers, who had to give evidence of their abilities, were, we suppose, unknown; the amateurs were well known, and certainly quite as useful as many men in the Chapel Royal choir. We know nothing about the clergymen, surgeons, shopmen, actors, sailors, and the likes; but surely no one can say the semi-chorus was an inefficient body of vocalists: if so, it must have arisen from the faded voices of the professional singers engaged in it.

THE CONTR'ALTO CHORUS SINGER.—H. H. W. is an ill-informed amateur. A male contr'alto could no more sing the passage in Mr. Knyvet's anthem than a female. Purcell's anthems are written for the Cathedral. The compass for a tenor solo voice differs as widely from a tenor chorus, as a clarinet solo from the clarinet orchestral player. Of the list of contr'alto singers given by H. H. W. only three have a voice of any sort, and those three cannot sing the contr'alto parts in either Bach's masses, the masses of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Cherubini, or the molets of Mendelssohn. No one but a male contr'alto of very indifferent morals would dream of taking a part in the vulgar balderdash alluded to by this champion of his order. No man of brains or manners could expect in decent society, to be called on to chorus the burden:—

"'Tis better to lie drunk than dead."

WEEKLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.
 Liszt. Vars. on Rossini's "La Pro-messa" . . . Willis
 Wesley, S. Coronation March . . . Ditto
 Frisch, Robert. "Vive la Reine," 7 Galops . . . Wessel
 Horsley. Arrangement of Handel's chorus—"He gave them hailstones" (duet) . . . Chappell
 Schuncke. Fantasia on airs in "Norma" (ditto) . . . Ditto
 Watta. Arrt. of Beethoven's Grand Symphony—"Eroica" (ditto) . . . Ditto
 Burgmüller. "Soirees de Venise," 3 Melodies from "Parasina" . . . Ditto
 Woodlarch. Queen Victoria's Coronation Quadrilles . . . Monro

VOCAL.
 Ashley, Hon. W. Morning and Evening Hymns . . . Mills
 Handel. "Where is this stupendous stranger" . . . Ditto
 Tomaschek. "The wanderer's song" (German songs, No. 74) . . . Wessel
 —. "Ah! those days so bright" (ditto No. 81) . . . Ditto
 —. "When rosy dawn is breaking" (ditto No. 82) . . . Ditto

PIANO AND VIOLONCELLO.
 Lemoine and Godbé. "La Duvernay," petite fantasia on the "Cachucha" . . . Wessel

PIANO AND FLUTE.
 Warren, Jos. Favourite Melodies of various nations, No. 27 . . . Wheatstone
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 Doehler and Clinton. "La mode de Londres" on Strauss' "Sonnambula" Waltz . . . Wessel
 "Le Carnaval de Venise," Rondo . . . Monro

GUITAR.
 Arrt. of "Rory O'More," "Cachucha," and "Hope Waltz" . . . Ditto

ORGAN.
 Nixon, H. G. Arrt. of "Sing oh ye Heavens" . . . Ditto
 —. Ditto—"Disdainful of danger" . . . Ditto
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OLD CRUSTED M A S D E U.

IT is now five years since the Proprietors of the Gray's Inn Wine Establishment commenced their operations on this wine, and it will be remembered that two years ago they introduced it to the Public, as well worthy, both in quality and price, to take its stand among those in general consumption in this country: they detailed at length their knowledge of its quality, and the practical experience upon which their judgment was formed: they showed that the heavy and unequal taxation created by the Methuen Treaty, in 1703, had amounted to a prohibition of many of the wines of France; but the English Government having, in 1831, equalized the duties on French and Portugal wines, they expressed their conviction that a wide field was opened for capital and exertion to compete with the hitherto more favoured vineyards of the Peninsula: the success which has attended that competition will be best seen by the undermentioned Parliamentary return, showing the net consumption of the United Kingdom.

No. 369.—Ordered by the HOUSE OF COMMONS to be printed, 7th May, 1838.

UNITED KINGDOM.		YEARS ending 5th January.		
		1836.	1837.	1838.
		Gallons.	Gallons.	Gallons.
<i>Quantities retained for Home Consumption, after deducting the Amount exported subsequently to the Payment of Duty.</i>	Cape	522,941	541,511	500,727
	French	271,661	352,063	440,322
	Portugal	2,780,024	2,878,359	2,573,157
	Spanish	2,230,187	2,388,413	2,297,070
	Madeira	139,422	133,673	119,873
	Rhenish	48,696	59,454	44,807
	Canary	50,956	51,128	41,864
	Fayal	1,906	1,456	282
	Sicilian and other sorts	374,549	403,155	373,458
TOTAL		6,420,342	6,809,212	6,391,560

It will be seen by this return that while the total consumption of wine has remained nearly stationary, that of French wine has steadily and progressively increased, the year ending 5th January, 1838, showing the enormous increase of 62 per cent. over that ending 5th January, 1836; this large increase is chiefly attributable to Masdeu, as is fully proved by the Custom House Reports, and shows, beyond a doubt, that this wine is well adapted both to the palate and constitution of English consumers; it must also be borne in mind, that this increase has taken place notwithstanding Masdeu has never yet (except to a very small extent) been introduced in that ripe and matured state, which age in bottle can alone impart, for Masdeu, like all other red wines, requires age, both in wood and bottle, to render it perfect and fit for the table.

With this view the Proprietors of the Grays Inn Wine Establishment (anticipating these results from the intrinsic quality of the wine) caused 2,500 dozen to be put in bottle in the year 1835, and have since annually increased their stock, so that they might be in the same position with this as with the other wines in which they deal, and be enabled to keep up a constant supply of matured and old bottled wine. It is now in brilliant condition, with a firm crust; may be moved without the slightest injury; and the Nobility and Public in general are respectfully invited to pass their judgment on it at the vaults of their Establishment.

The Proprietors regret the necessity of again cautioning the Public and the country wine merchants against various common red wines which have been in many instances surreptitiously imposed upon the wine merchants, and through them, unknowingly, upon the Public, as the genuine Masdeu, to which they have no more affinity than the port wine produced in Figueira has to the highest quality of the vineyards of the Alto Douro.

Cash prices as under. Country orders must contain remittances, or references in London.

		Hampers, 1s. per dozen.		Bottles, 2s. per dozen.	
Masdeu, from the wood .	Per Pipe. 66s.	Per Hhd. 33s. 10s.	Per Qr. Cask. 16s. 16s.	Per Dozen. 28s.	
Do., 2 years in bottle	32s.
Do., 3 years in bottle	36s.

HENEKEY, KISLINGBURY, & CO.

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NOTE TO THE TRADE.—The market price may be known on application.

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